

DEPOSITION
EXHIBIT

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My hire date at Jay Mining Machinery, 100 Liberty St. Franklin, Pa was August 6, 2001. First shift, 7am-3pm as a Cleaning Service Person. I pick up garbage, dust, vacuum, mop and clean ladies and men's restrooms. My husband also works for Jay as a Welder at Plant I. On April 9, 2002 my husband and I got word that his son, (my step son) was killed in an auto accident in the morning on his way to work. He was 20 years old, still living with us and he fell asleep, crossed the center line and hit a tree trimming truck (parked along the road) head on. Died on impact.

The morning of April 10, various people were stopping to see us; Harry Meale was one of them. He told us if we needed anything at all to call him. He said he knew exactly what we were going through because his son was killed in a metal cycle accident years before. Harry had called the house twice after that. Talked with my husband once and talked with me once.

I went back to work 2 weeks after the funeral to keep busy.

Harry Meale is an engineer for Jay. I do not work in his area. When I would be cleaning men's restroom he would by pass the DO NOT ENTER sign to talk to me. Ask me how I was and how my husband and my son were. He would make just casual conversation. I felt comfortable not talking about the death with them due to the fact that he had the same experience with his son. He would often give me a hug when I was feeling depressed and sad. He always seemed to know when I was having a bad day.

One day in June 2002 he came to see me to see how I was doing. I gave him a hug and tried to kiss me. I backed away and told him to leave. The next day he would find me and he did apologize and told me he didn't think it would bother me so bad. He was sorry for embarrassing me. He then vowed not 1-2 days later until he would talk with me again. I would say I never went by and he came to me and said it was his son's birthday and he felt sad and he needed a hug. I gave him a hug and his hands started roaming and he grabbed my butt. It shocked me and I back up quickly. Told him to never do that again. He left. He would come a few times a week and times like that. He was telling me about the vacation he was making with his family to go on vacation to Florida to do some fishing. Different times over the past few months he would be talking to me about his son and would invite me to his house

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as his wife. I was stunned. He said "that he could take care of me for the rest of my life, I was told he wasted all his life". He then invited us have sex with me. Stepped forward to me, I stepped back. I told him he was playing with fire, met a small flame but a huge bon fire. I never knew it would jeopardize my marriage, losing my husband and another son. I already lost one son, I don't ever want to lose another. He got mad and walked out the door and rolled out of the driveway.

The next day I went to meet my counselor; I ^{told} her about what happened. How can I tell my husband out this night. She listened and the night I told Harold. I was so scared, he took it much better than what I thought. I did not tell my counselor or my husband anything that had previously happened at work. Just what happened at the house.

The following day after work my husband called Harry from our phone at home. He told him to never, ever look at me again, think about me or talk to me. Harold ask him what he told me at the house. Harry did admit that he was at the house. So Harold he stopped to see how the Wakefield family was doing. Harry told Harold that ~~he~~ had told me other I would see them at Garrison Funeral Home the next time I seen him. I never heard him say that.

After that conversation with my husband he never came to see me again at work. We were passing each other in the hall on the 3rd floor and he tried to apologize to me. I kept on walking and ignored him.

On June 3rd at work I went into clean a men's restroom I had severe black backs of him being in that restroom. I couldn't handle it and I had an emotional break down. My supervisor Wayne Gilleard drove me home. I told him why I was so emotionally upset. He went back to work and got with Beasti (his supervisor) told him what happened to me. I called Harold at the Union Hall to come home. I then told him about Harry hitting me and touching me. I said I was scared to death to tell him because I was afraid of him hitting me. I called my counselor and she wanted to meet with us at 3:00. I told her I was scared to death and told her everything. She asks me about suicide I told her I wanted to take all of my medication at once because I cannot